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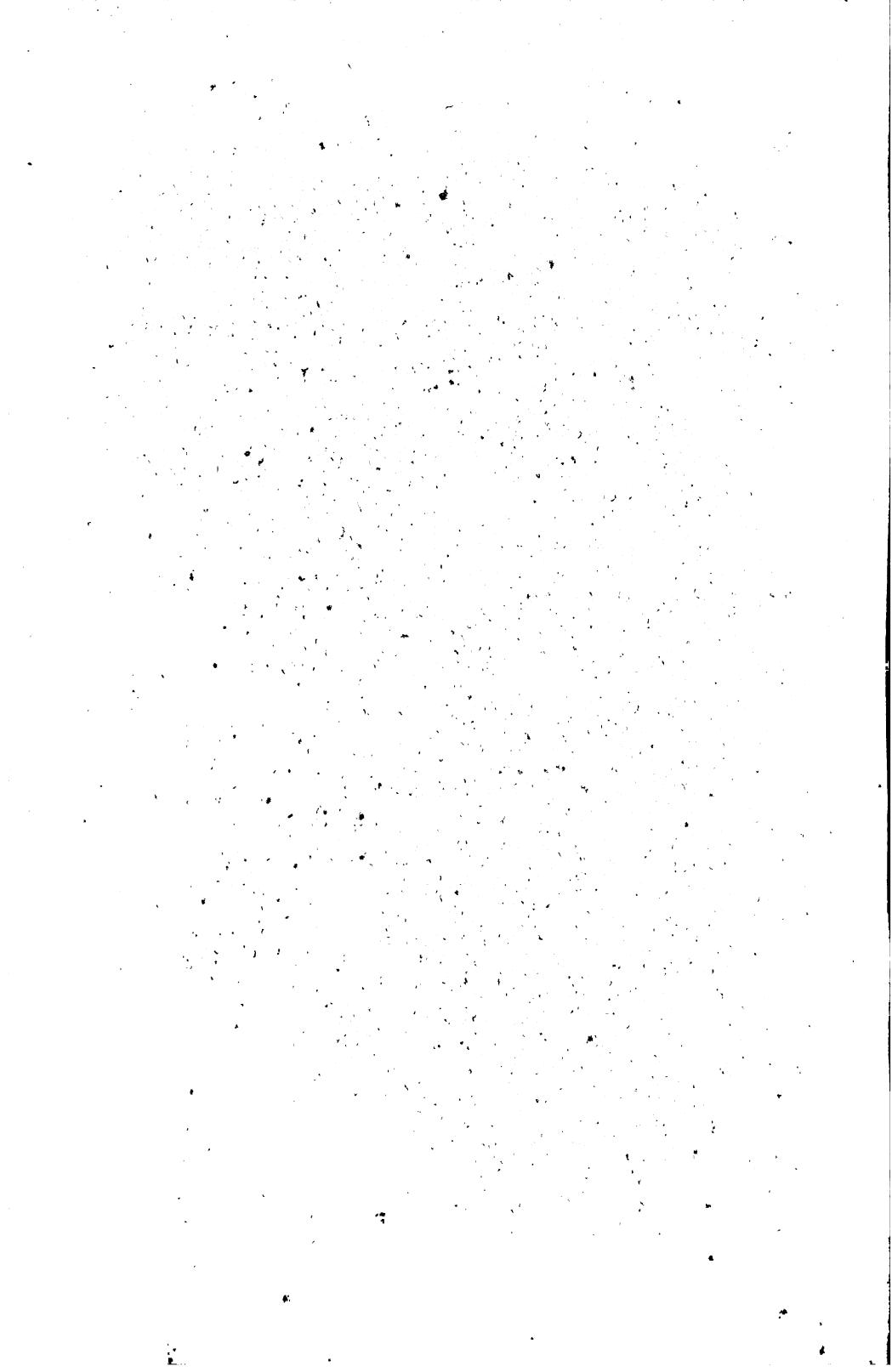
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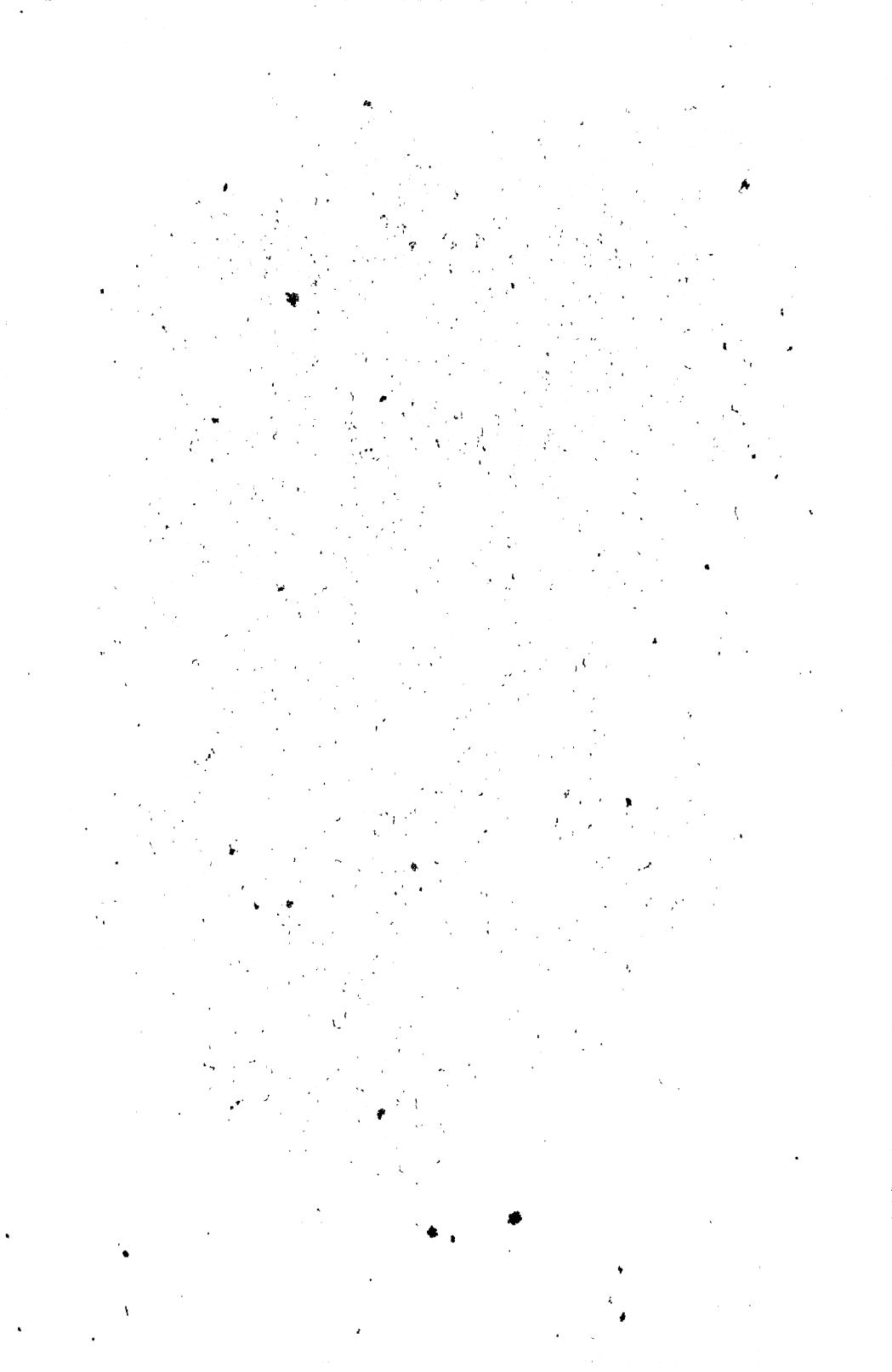


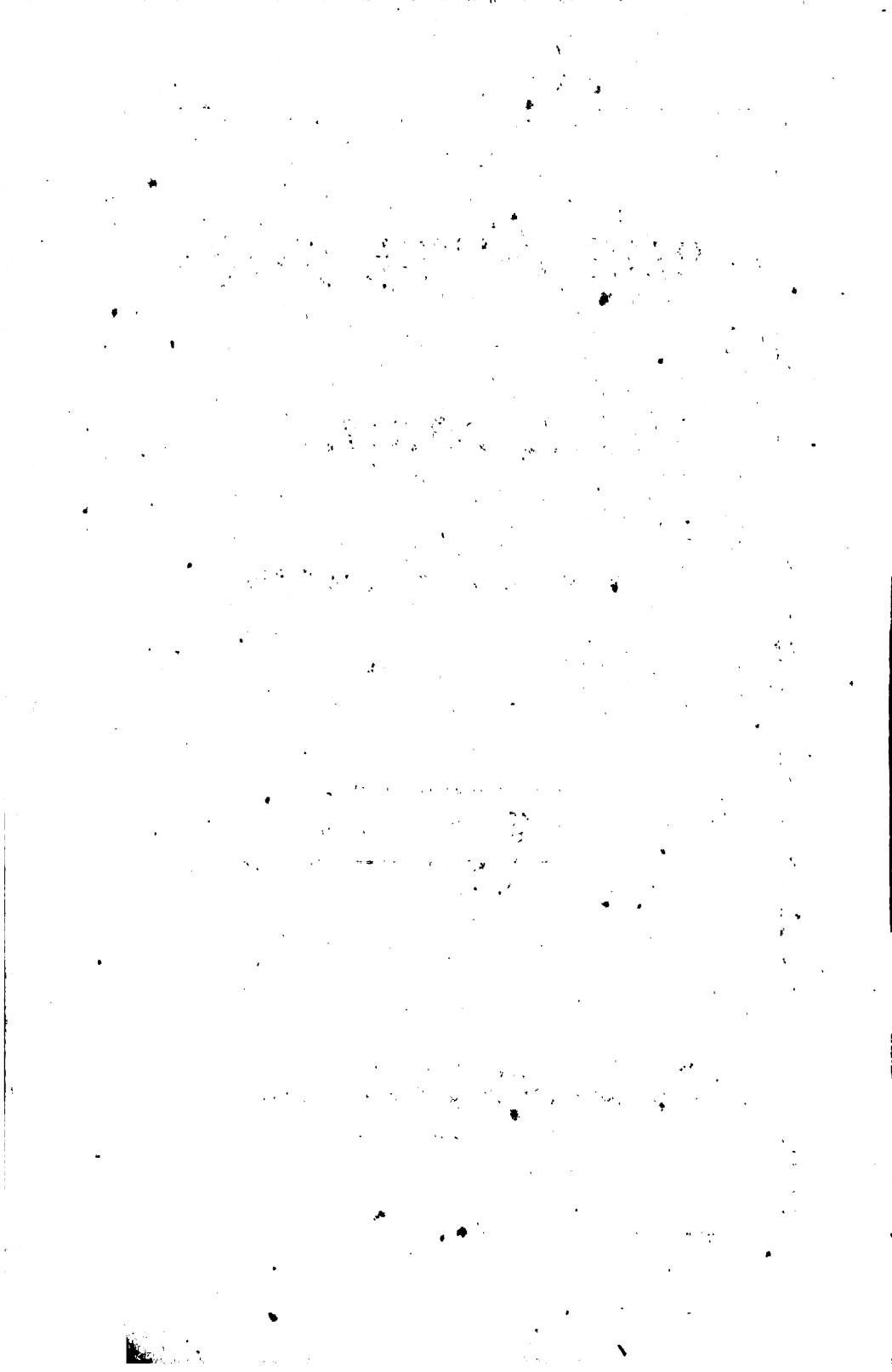
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Edward W. Sheldon '79
Memorial









HARP OF THE WEST;

A POEM,

IN FIVE PARTS.

BY HIRAM A. REID.

**DAVENPORT:
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF LUSE, LANE & CO., 55 PERRY ST.**

1858

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year of our Lord 1858,
BY HIRAM A. REID,
In the Clerk's office of the United States District Court of Iowa.

DEDICATION.

REV. M. M. TOOKE,

President of "Mount Ida Female College," Davenport, Iowa.

RESPECTED SIR: I recognize in the Institution over which yourself and lady jointly preside, a representative foreshadowing of that intellectual development and elevation of Woman, which is the hope of our country, and, through us, of the world.

In compliment, then, to the eminently practical character of female scholarship under your Presidency, and as evincing the hearty interest which I feel in the success of all such Institutions, allow me, sir, respectfully to inscribe this Poem

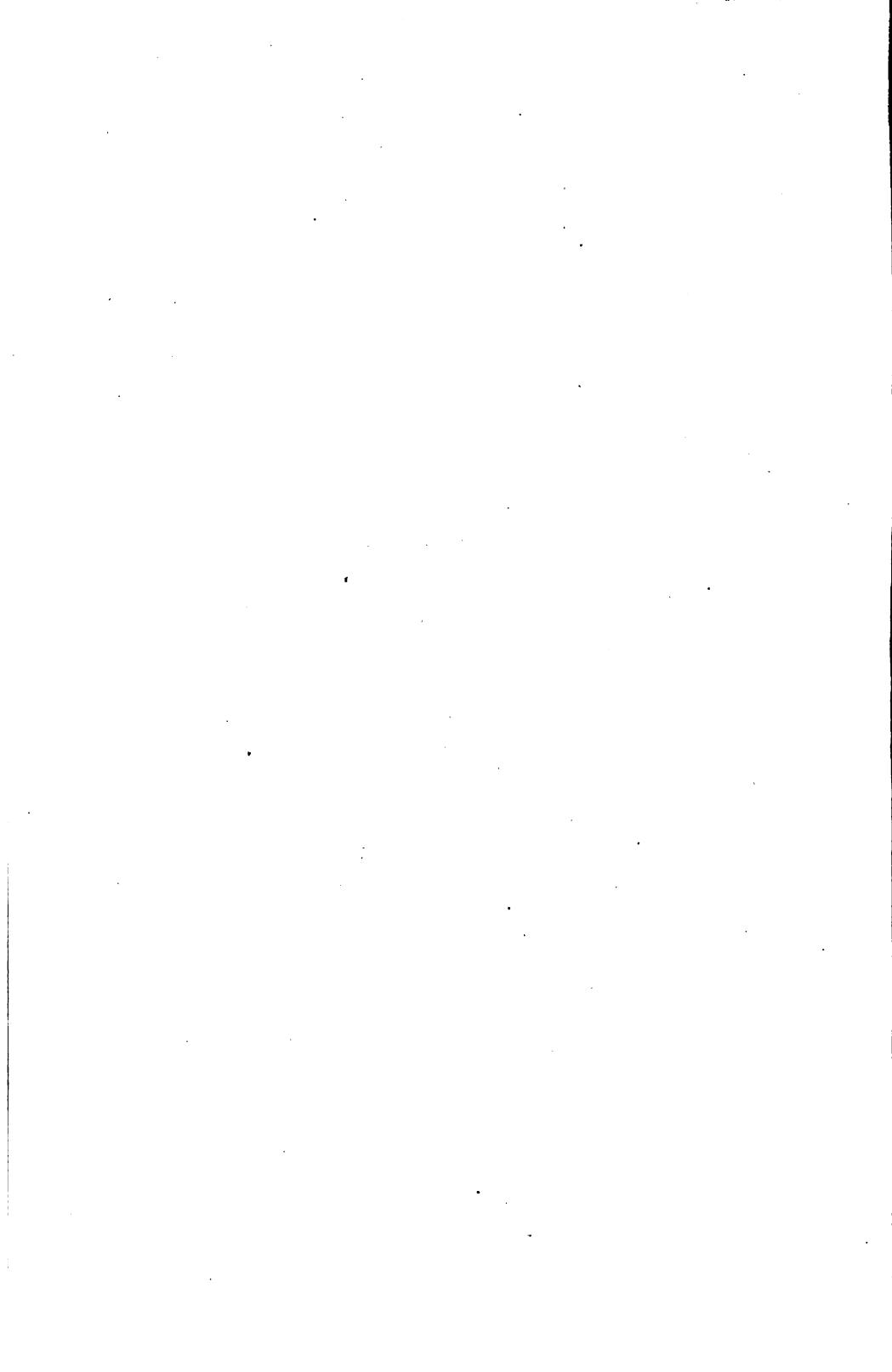
TO THE GENIUS OF MOUNT IDA.

Yours, truly,

H. A. REID.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

My published volumes of verse hitherto are four in number, as follows:

THE BIRDS' NEST, and Other Poems. (Miniature.) New-Lisbon, Ohio: 1852.
pp. 84.

WILD-FIRE, a few Eccentric Poems. (Miniature.) Cleveland, Ohio: 1854.
pp. 38.

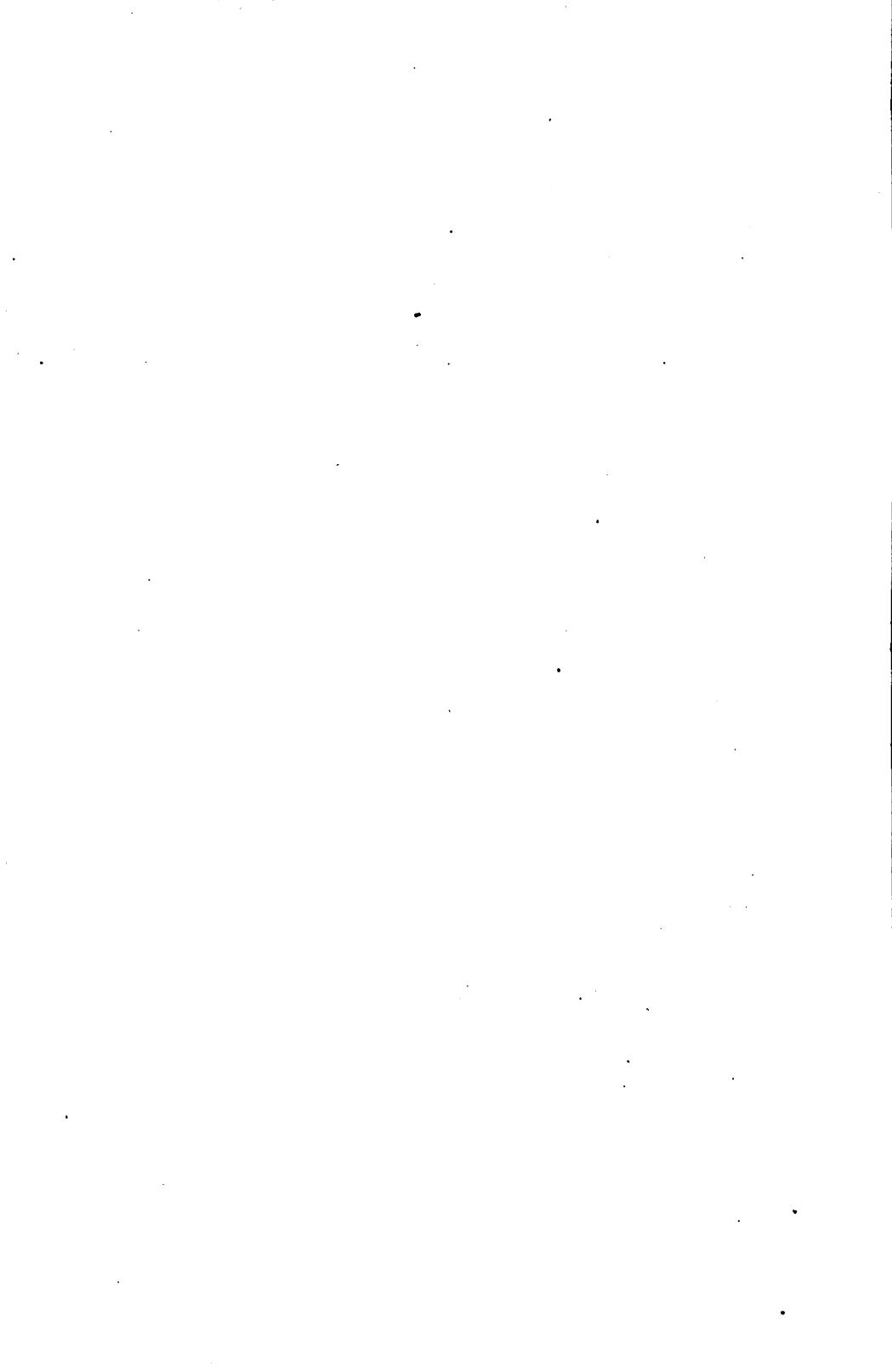
LOFTUS, OR AMBITION'S HEIR; A Poem, in Five Parts. (8vo. super-royal.)—
Boston: 1854. pp. 24.

THE HEART-LACE, and Other Poems. (Miniature.) Davenport, Iowa: 1856.
pp. 96.

The above were each special individualisms, printed by myself, for my own reasons, and asking no man's counsel or favor therein.

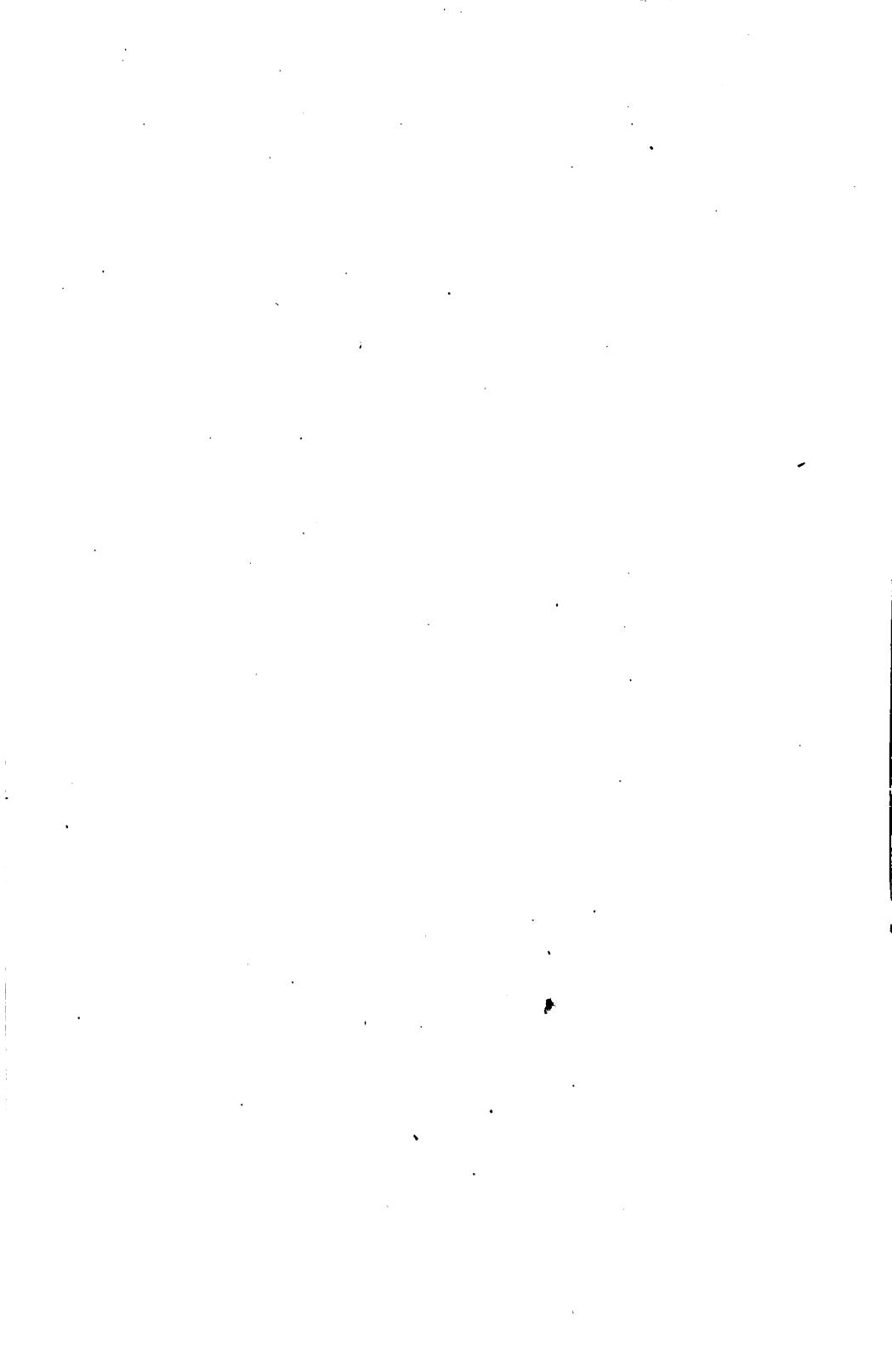
This volume, the "HARP OF THE WEST," is my first that aspires to the dignity of a literary effort. Furthermore, it must speak for itself. H. A. R.

Davenport, Iowa, May 20, 1858.



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HARP OF THE WEST.

He that hath new knowledge and fresh thoughts, owes them to the world.
He that hath none, owes it to the world that he do not oppose the new.

PART I.

THE WESTERN MAN.

Most fit a Western Muse should lead the van
In song expressive of the Western Man ;
And thus, O land of thrifty Pioneers,
A native harp from out your rugged years
Attunes its raptures for a theme unsung—
To vindicate our ways, while yet our land is young.

In action bold as forcible in thought,
We spurn the spoils of battles others fought ;
We honor toil, or shaping thoughts or stones,—
Condemning rogues—yet more despising drones.

With all our heat in spurr'd pursuit of gain,
Our childhood's gentlest lessons still remain ;—
Indeed, there be who pay their votive nods
To day-book bibles, and commercial gods—
The land hath yet ne'er opened to the sun
Where such, and worse idolaters, were none ;
But such had been so, whether East or West—
The Western Man with larger mind is blest :

His boast that is, and boast that is to be,
The West than Eastern rule of thought more free.

Our hearts are not so hardened as they seem;
They flow with goodness, like our own proud stream—
First, self necessity to serve, and then
The softer graces of fraternal men;
Though urgent thrift hath airy dreams forbade,
Our wheels of thought not burdened all with trade;
Half Poets, half Philosophers, and more
Than half Executors of all our lore:
Whence, this the humble virtue that we reach—
Our pride to practice what our praise to preach.

Presumptuous pride in our own parent East
Holds us in kindred but of man the beast:
'Tis false! the West's o'ersteeming tilth of mind
Already leaves the worn-out East behind:
We number men of learning most profound—
Science and letters all brain-volumed, bound;
We number men devotional, and brave
To search out sin, its victim souls to save;
We number Artists, in each various line,
Worthy the laurels of the classic Nine;
We number minds that star out from their slough,
And hosts of genius in the native rough:
Some years agone—chance half a score, or less—
The Western Man swelled in his linsey dress
To feel this boast, nor feel much need of more—
Our Benton, born to plan! our Fremont, to explore.

Action is our life, and pale ruin's brink
The instant moment we should cease to think;
So whetted keen our appetite for stir,
Rather than rust, we acting choose to err,—
Find food for thought in Oak Dale's meanest grave,

Or *think* a motive from the Mammoth Cave :
Or thuswise learn from Nature's lavish stores,
Her mines of fuel, plastic earths, and ores,
That we are blest above our common kind
With bounties these of the Creative Mind—
Wherein our greater weight of duty lies,
To serve our fellow men with these supplies ;
Nor yet unheeding that our Eden soil
More wholesome blessing yields its chosen toil.

Not all absorbed with present time, and things,
In Church and State we give our eagles wings ;
We hold our duty, well to pave the way
For Truth's full triumph in our childrens' day,
That they may boast more liberty than we,
From all restraints of mental growth set free.
—The line of travel and the track of trade
From East to Western Ocean, must be made !
Our sunset empire then shall seed the world
With its thought-growths, large, liberal, unfurl'd !

A touch of inspiration, apt or slow,
The mind's quick impulse, or its labored flow ;
Ambitious energy, instinct to choir
The soul's immortal impress and its fire,—
No misdirected sense of coyish zeal,
Nor slaggard dallying with the high appeal,—
Bespeak wherein the spring of genius lies,
The current where, beyond the fluvial rise.

Though brave to speak, or forcible to pen,
No birthright merit appertains to men ;
Lean self-abasement, potent to undo,
Unfitly fancies that a favored few
Are blessed with gifts the multitude may not
Aspire to covet, from their lowlier lot.—

Impeach not God with partial grants of grace,
But look the Truth right fairly in the face :

All men may not be poets, and inhale
Ambrosial zephyrs, or the fiery gale ;
All men may not be painters, and portray
In tints divine the humors of the day ;
All men may not be sculptors, and unlock
Their fame, their fortune, from a marble block ;
All men may not be statesmen, and declare
The laws of peace, of honor, or of war ;
All men may not be orators, to bind
With might of eloquence, the public mind ;
All men may not be gifted to adorn
Invention's page, with engines yet unborn ;—
But *all men may be better than they are !*
An earnest spirit brooks no bounding bar.

So apt is Nature witful sloth to foil,
There is no honor where there is no toil ;
“Inherent genius” is the sluggard's cloak,
Disclaiming which, he shirks the manly yoke
Of thought intent, that plows the fields of Truth,
And quickens knowledge with immortal youth.

However rich the native soil may stand,
The chosen seed however choicely fann'd,
No husbandman expects his crops to grow,
Except he diligently plow and sow ;
And basest soil that ever man o'erstood,
Hath yet the nurturing of something good.

So, every man that hath a touch of mind,
Hath innate genius, though he have it blind ;
So, every man, however rich his gifts,
Must work his genius, ere its tall growth lifts
A laureled plumage to the breeze of fame—

So jealously doth Nature guard her claim.

True manly courage mothers spirit power,
And makes a hero for the darkest hour;
Heroic deeds are not confined to wars—
Great thoughts are nobler than the warrior's scars.
—From conscious chains who strike not to be free,
In blindness walk, too indolent to see;
The kind decrees of formal custom's code
May grant us quiet in this vex'd abode,—
But such is not the mission of our days—
We live to learn, to labor, and to praise.

To know the right, and knowing, do it not,
Is sad misprizing of the gift of thought;
Though thought star downward out of ancient night,
'Tis not enough that we do think the right—
But the heart to dare, and the hand to do,
Must launch the thought into a living view.

So stands the sum, the subject, and the plan—
The mastered meaning of the Western Man.

PART II.

THE WESTERN WOMAN.

The Western Woman mates the Western Man—
Her joy to finish what his pride began;
To twine with wreaths of most adorning grace
His sturdy landmarks for the future race;
To show what beauties to her kind belong,
And with her love to make his virtues strong;
To share his conflicts, and supply his peace—

To his stern manhood add her woman's grace;
His care, to earn—her equal thought, to save—
Each stronger for the help the other gave:
This, her born pride, the Muse is fond to tell—
To *think her part*, no less than act it well;
To shed her sunshine o'er a prairie home,
Or in the young metropolis, her bloom:
Her Western blood, though Teuton, Saxon, Celt,
Where'er she moves, to make her presence felt.

Hath beauty charms to sway the godlike mind—
And shall that beauty lead its captives, blind!
Acknowledged 'tis that Woman rules the land,
Yet blindfold still the scepter in her hand,—
Misfortune more to wield an unknown power,
Than ne'er to shape the purpose of an hour:
O star of Hope, now rising o'er the West,
Reveal her powers, and their uses best!
Our charm'd Mount Ida let thy light pervade,
To star the matron from the schoolday maid.

There's joy of hope for Woman's plume of mind,
In college calends that she place can find;
Proud doors that once were bolted in her face,
Now swing wide open, for her glad embrace.

The rustic maid comes tripping in to town,
To learn of thoughts above her cut of gown;
The morning walk plants roses in her cheeks—
Their bloom the joy of thought's exhalance seeks,
And when at eve to rustic home returned,
She'll tell her doves and dahlias what she's learned.

The city Miss with ball, or rope, or hoop,
Seeks outdoor stir, and thus dispels the croup;
At ring of bell hies to her pensive desk,
And feels the Woman as she plies her task.

Mayhap, one born to poverty and care
By household service earns her daily fare ;
She walks more proudly through the college green—
The more her impress of the conscious queen.

As health of body is to mental growth,
Of mind to frame as well—and Truth to both :
So, creeds and dogmas rack the seeking mind,
While Christian virtues clothe it all refin'd
For Science and Philosophy's bridal bower,
With all the glory of their saving power.

A trembling bride walks forth amid the trees ;
Beneath an oak she sinks upon her knees—
And breathing there the flushful May-day morn,
Her warm sweet prayer to heaven is upborne :

“FATHER, look down upon thy suppliant child
With pitying eye, and prayer-attending ear ;
My day of hope in wedded love has smil'd
A present joy, as promise of the year.

“O Gracious Parent, bless with thy dear care
Him whose portion is my hand and heart ;
May all our sorrows be our joy to share—
Our joy the bearing of each other's part.

“I ask not wealth, or fame, to feed vain pride ;
Let honest thrift secure us health and peace ;
The love of God be all our care beside—
True growth in wisdom, and in heavenly grace.

“O grant us guidance in our hope to see
Immortal souls, committed to our charge,
Much wiser in their little day than we—
Their hearts more pure, their minds more free and large.

“Father in Heaven, thus I now commend
To Thee our nuptial morn, and noon, and even ;

In Thee may we two souls one being blend,
And all life's cares but help us on to Heaven."

The matron thence her high vocation fills,
And in her offspring all her joy instils ;
Her wealth of mind commanding vigor's store,
Jealous to guard its due expense—no more ;
So little care of vain Parisian ilk,
Queenly alike in calico or silk.

Those flowers of grace her study most to swell,
That bloom out sweet, while also rooted well ;
To rule her house, from bureau drawers to tubs,—
To grace her parlor, and to train her shrubs :
Thinks not, "accomplished" means the parrot rote
Of foreign tongues, of books, or music note,
But hath its measure in the mind's enlarge
To grasp the spirit of its every charge,—
To earn a dollar, or to save a dime—
To write a book, or take a stitch in time :
Her pride of classic art, serene though flush,
To wield the pen, the pencil, or the brush—
To chant a hymn, to tune the graceful lyre,
Or ply her genius for the teacher's hire,—
Evolve the healthful workings of her mind,
Herself to serve, and bless our human kind.

So framed the course of empire well to change,
Her mind full gifted in its might to range
The fields of fancy, and the realms of thought—
In letters skillful, as in science taught ;
To rear her children in the love of Truth,
That age may cherish still the charm of youth—
The dear old grand-dame live her life anew
In young descendants, to her teachings true.

The mothers make the nation ; they hold sway

Midway the present and the future day—
To give the beauty and the good of now
Their forms for use, as henceforth shall allow :
Not woman's use to mourn sins not her own,
But woman's *right* to know, and to be known.

So far free scope of intellect is hers,
The Western Woman her own caste confers ;
Her own free choice to seek a public name,
Or add her flambeau to the social flame ;
Through all our names of living charm to turn,
From Grace Greenwood to caustic Fanny Fern,—
Or those of mind supreme to stand alone—
Lucretia Mott, or bolder Lucy Stone ;
Eliza Logan, in her tragic fame—
Or Julia Dean, a star of gentler name :
And what her choice, so full of thoughtful grace,
So much of mind commingles in the case,
That e'en Victoria, on her royal throne,
Is less a Queen than these, our Western own.

Unmeasured prospect, yet more unexpress'd,
The harpful vision of the rising West ;
Our forecast big with this inspiring omen—
More great good men, from educated Woman.

PART III.
RETROSPECTION.

The gifted mind scans Nature with an eye
That beams, dilates, and lifts the soul on high
Where, ranging aptly the celestial scope,
Itself becomes a charmed kaleidoscope—

As hovering o'er Columbia's proud expanse,
It thrills, intoxicate of high romance.

O'erwhelmed amazement of the soul bespeaks
The sturdy grandeur of the Catskill peaks,
That antedate, perchance, the Grampian hills,
With equal breath to drive all Scotia's mills;
For bleak, bald crags, or count of hoary scalps,
That vie in grandeur with the storied Alps—
Or rear their beaten crests into the storm,
A thunder-echoing minstrelsy to perform.
—A spell of rapture, and inspiring awe,
Pervades, by magic of ethereal law,
That classic region of our unsung land,
Where proud North River laves its ancient strand,—
Transfluent marvel of the Western World—
No angling sweeps, no vexful eddies whirl'd,—
A river, flowing in such even line
That compass serves the channel to define.

Thence westward winging with exultant pride,
The fancy mingles in a fresher tide,
Where Neptune's thunders laugh at fretful Jove's,
And loud Niagara re-echoes through the groves;
Where gay Ontario sports her bounding wave,
The sailor's lullaby, the sailor's grave;
Where siren Erie lifts in visual blue
A charm'd mystery to the distant view;
Where Huron's sullen depths upheave amain,
Convulsed with fury, and with might profane—
Or somewhat resting from her stormy mood,
Makes peace with heaven, and plays the coldish prude;
Where famed Superior moves his rock-bound tide
In peerless majesty of conscious pride,
And sun-seamed mists, like an imperial robe,
Invest the proudest lake-flood of the globe,—

With close around the coffers of his wealth,
Mines of minerals, and hyemal health ;
Where, gently westering, and prairie-fringed,
Opaque cerulean, and azure-tinged,
Fair Michigan hangs pendant to the chain
Of lake-flood gems that border our domain ;
Where calm Ohio holds her even way,
A river gentle as a child at play ;
Where more than Alpine peaks sublime uprear,
Beauteous afar, but terrible anear,
Those mountain springs, near neighbors in their rise,
So diverse flowing, for the world's surprise—
And each so wild, discursive, and abstruse,
Yet tamed to man's caprices and his use,—
Each big with fates might well adorn a tale—
Each soon to nurse a nation in its vale.

The Muse discursive thus unfolds her joy,
Elate of pride in such sublime employ ;
Then fixing, charm'd, on Mississippi's tide,
Spells out the magic of its silvan pride.

Father of Waters ! such a name to hold
Is high prerogative of pride untold !
This pulse of empire, highway of a world,
The stars and stripes sublimely o'er unfurl'd,
In sparkling tide, as it abrades along,
Gives facts to science, and a theme to song,—
While creeping palaces that climb the stream
Declare the glory of the age of steam.
—Alike in northern and in southern clime,
From source to mouth, all storied and sublime,—
Such force of waters, and so swift to drown,
To float an armament, or flood a town,—
There's wealth of grandeur in the gift to know
Its wild meanderings, and its measured flow.

Could it call back by retrospective means
Its lost impressions of unstoried scenes,
What volumed limning would its surface show
Of wildwood happiness, or savage woe ;
What rich wild beauty in its careless way
Would glass its freshness through the varied day ;
What nameless beasts, and unrecorded birds,
What shoals of fishes, and what grazing herds—
What squaws, pappooses, and their wigwam cares,
Would flush the fancy with grotesqueness theirs ;
What Indians, startled into gazeful view
Of transfixed wonder at the fire-canoe ;
What warlike gatherings on opposing shores
Would speak the rankling of imagined sores ;
What sights of blood would shock the sensive brain,
And smite bold eyes oblivious again.

O Muse, now lend to fair Compassion's sway
The broken mirror of this wildwood lay,
And let her turn its fragmentary face
To Justice, Honor, and the Saxon race.

From Black Hawk's Tower view declining day,
And think how Black Hawk watched the flickering ray
Of hope's last beam, that fired his little band
Once more to battle for their favorite land—
And to the war-whoop wage the desp'rate fight,
Feebly, but bravely, for their savage right !
—There last the Red Man raised his fateful cry,
“Here will we live, or here like warriors die !”

Now war no more the errant wave beroughs,
Its bosomed islands, nor its bordering bluffs ;
From hills and pineries that skirt along,
From prairie and plantation, bursts only song.

PART IV.
I N V E N T I O N .

Ingenious prying into Nature's laws,
Her sealed arcana, and her pristine cause,
Gave man those proud twin prodigies of art,
The microscope, and its grand counterpart.

'Twas wise life's viewless centers to reveal,
And on a mite's unknown seclusion steal—
Minutest impress of Creative skill,
The more perfection, and the kinder will.

To show how rich in varied splendors glow
The crystaled spangles in a flake of snow,
Or such unmastered mystery explain
As frost fantasies on the window pane,—
To tell how insects of the powdery wing
Are feathered gayer than the birds that sing—
Or give to thought, to science, and to view,
The world of wonders in a drop of dew,—
Are triumphs greater, and of worthier name,
Than all the victories of warlike fame.

To o'erleap former learning's visual bars,
And search the fashion of Jehovah's stars,
Bold Galileo to his purpose wrought
That star-blest wonder of inventive thought,—
A tribute worthy of the age and hour—
Constructive genius to Creative Power!
—Creation vast beyond recorded ken
Unrolled its marvels to the minds of men—
Impelled large souls above our world to soar,
And all the wilderness of space explore.

While Georgium Sidus bounds our little sphere,

Immenser systems roll Jehovah's year;
We trace the starry wonders of His realm,
Nor feel their ministry the soul o'erwhelm;
On wings of thought, sublimely grand as free,
We range the vastness of immensity—
The heaven of heavens, by no uncertain road,
And view the Deity's distinct abode.

A microscope—tubed spheres of convexed glass;
A telescope—far vision's helpful pass;
The first, in marvels of minuteness vies—
The last spells out the wonders of the skies.
—Such simple use of lensal glasses show'd
Those lost extremes—an atom, and a God.

Behold brave Fulton battling with despair,
To echo commerce through the Catskill air—
And now behold his daughters on the tide,
Their nervous majesty, their stately pride!
Ten thousand steamers shout his wholesome fame
O'er ocean wild, and inland waters tame.

Mark him who taught th' electric spark to speak
Instant, erewhile the message of a week;
To fly, at commerce, State, or love's command,
Its lightning passage through the length of land;
And O sublimest wonder of all time—
To flit through ocean's depths, from clime to clime!

All motive science in one bulk convened,—
The imaged might of Milton's dread Arch-Fiend,
Pent full to bursting with ambitious heat,—
Outspeaks a stout heart's every labored beat
In measured thunders of his heaving breast,
As miles of track are swift successive prest.

Where rock-bound wild Niagara hurls down

Its flood sublimest of enrolled renown,
Constructive genius hath a wind-harp hung,
Stupendous, more than olden poets sung;
And through its strings, vibrating in mid-heaven,
Jove's headlong chariots are hourly driven.

Though ancient nations rise in virtuous boast
Of arts to us oblivious and lost—
Our "Art Preservative," to them unknown,
Outmarvels all conceit of art their own.

When Faustus and the Devil, leagued in Art,
Gave Bible traffic to the common mart,
Snatched from antique darkness into light,
The race of man leaned straightly to the right.

Let all the world behold the PRESS, and say
If it be not the Sun of Truth, to-day;
Let men renowned observe, with tempered flame,
In types the tablets which record their fame—
Those silent arbiters of storied fate,
That give Fame's children all their earn'd date.
—The wise of all enlightened nations bless
The mild, mysterious power of the Press,
And little matters where the Art began—
It now belongs to universal Man.

Pre-eminent and proud, in suasive might,
Its marked capacity to serve the right;
Its better use, to raise the common mind
From uncouth level up to grace refin'd;
Its dearest care, to note where virtue shone—
How many heroes else had died unknown,
Or men of genius lived their lives in vain,
Whose great good thoughts inspiring now remain.

Sublimest lessons volumed Time hath taught,
Its bloodless conquests in the march of thought;

The wild traditional tales of yore
Give way to science and to classic lore ;
Fair Reason gains her old primeval sway,
And Superstition speeds its own decay :
But retrospective turn a studious glance,
Or into fancied future look askance—
Without its aid, how vague and undefin'd
The world of matter and the world of mind.

And while the Muse 'mid types is pleased to dwell,
'Twere fit she coined an humble verse to tell
Of patriot fame electric FRANKLIN bore—
The Sage, the Poet, but THE PRINTER more ;
Or call up ancient worthies of the Press,
Whose sheets ran fifty to the hour, or less,
And bid them mark good Isaac Adams' gain—
Then turn their eyes, till they in charm'd constrain
Stare wild with wonder at the dizzy flight
Of sheets from spotless to their storied white,
Where twenty thousand plume the flitting hour,
And yield to Robert Hoe the palm of power.

To speak of knowledge, of recorded mind—
The years of Time, with current thought inlin'd—
The Muse careers the vast of time and space,
To find its oracle the printer's case,—
Whence effluent light irradiates profound
In blazoned numbers, and with silent sound,
Proclaiming truly of its quickening sheen,
In words that all of wisdom circumvene,
That this best gift of genius unto Man,
THE PRESS, reveals Jehovah's moving plan.

PART V.**G E N I U S.**

The midnight lamp is a premature pyre,
That feeds on man-flesh, at the soul's desire
On wings of blaze to sweep the classic skies,
And dazzle dullness with its brilliant rise.

When earth-clogs genius but the more inspire,
The midnight lamp grows false ambition's fire,
Wastes green fuel that else had counted toll,
And blunts the light that sparkled in the soul.

—Regardless, still, that worried gain is loss—
Untimely ashes of illusive dross—
The spirit-fire melts and moulds the brain
To forms fantastic as delightful pain,
Nor heeds the stealthy dullness stealing o'er
Bright embers, waxing brighter nevermore.

To feel unread divinity within,
And feel that heaven and our soul are kin;
To view all Nature through a truthful glass,
And read events all rightly as they pass—
(For reading rightly is to read but so
As must to happiness turn every woe);
To be a medium of Truth to man,
And show that God works by no faulty plan;
To be an instrument for working good
To those whose wants themselves ne'er understood;
To be a sentinel on the walls of Time,
And cry the rising of the Great Sublime;
To be a runner, and announce the Car
Of Science, harnessed to the Eastern Star:
This is pleasure, and a lasting joy—
This is genius in its true employ !

This is rapture for the tutored mind—
This is genius to its sphere resign'd!

"Tis fit that man this mystery should solve—
"Why do I live? and why a thought evolve?"
—The answer brightens, sanctifies, and cheers,
As souls absolve into immortal years.

The life we live concerns not us alone;
Prospective nations with imploring tone
Bid us regard the future's teeming world,
And keep the banners of Reform unfurl'd.
—In God's dominion, infinite of range,
Pervading all its elements, is change,—
Progressive change all precedent implies—
The spirit lives, though quickened matter dies.
As Nature guides, so Heaven hath decreed,
And God is arbiter in very deed—
For man presuming of his skill to plan,
But speaks the mystery of God in man.

Declare, O Muse, unto the world abroad,
That men of genius are the Sons of God!
A truth sublime forever as of yore—
Its glory wondrous but the witness more!—
Not men who would such doubtful ladder climb,
Pedantic eloquence, or classic rhyme:
But men who move with an astonished start
The world of Letters, or the world of Art!
Whose works may hold this axiom patent due,
To Art as faithful as to Nature true.

The sons of genius star the path of Time
In actions noble, and in thoughts sublime;
The path they tread is not profanely trod—
It starts in beauty, and it ends in God!
—By day we feel His bounty show'ring down,

The spheres his scepter, and the sun his crown ;
By night he stands majestic on our globe,
The stars all spangling his imperial robe ;
Time veils his presence, but assures us here,
Eternity is one unmeasured year !
No change of season, no account of days—
But God and beauty, and immortal praise !

The heart swells largely, as instinctive taught,
Its workings clothed in majesty of thought ;
The artist lives in poetry divine
As ever blossomed on a poet's pen :
But less his honor, as his fate implies—
Poetic hearts oft lack poetic eyes,—
And where one aptly into Art may look,
An hundred feel the magic of a Book.

The poet lives in rapturous extreme
Of o'erwrought fervency on every theme ;
The air he breathes sinks vapid to his lungs,
Till fancy fills it with celestial tongues
That lisp and whisper through his quickened frame,
And speak the sparks of genius into flame !—
Elate with beauty, now, his kindling eye
Plays prism only, though it still belie :
Alike in storm, or in the gentlest breeze,
In love or hate, a gleam of splendor sees ;
In summer's glory, with her birds and flowers,
Or autumn's ripeness of luxuriant bowers—
In spring's gay fashion, or in vestal snow,
Sees earth with inspiration all aglow.

In science, letters, and artistic skill,
As flowers that thirst look upward for their fill,
Should man aim high—as to lift the soul
From matter's surbase to the spirit's goal.
—The spider's fly-trap catches pearls as well,

As dew-drops sparkling in its meshes tell;
So life's webbed sorrows, though in darkness wrought,
Hold up to hope the jewelry of thought,—
And soothing soft as eloquence of tears,
Angelic voices whisper from the spheres—
“In the earth beneath, or in heaven above,
THE ONLY THING WORTH LIVING FOR IS LOVE.”

DAVE N P O R T.

Our City's thousands tally sweet sixteen—
We count her worthy, and we call her Queen!
Fair city, viewed from many a distant shore
With loyal gaze as ever flashed of yore!
The pride of progress and the wealth of worth
Are jewels garnered out of last year's dearth,
And velvet verdure of her green bluff-slopes,
A charming up-lawn for prospective hopes;
Enthroned in majesty of queenly state,
She hurls defiance in the teeth of fate—
And smiles down calmly on her mirrored grace
Deep in the river's diffident embrace,
Or throws fond kisses to her sister o'er,
Whose head lies low on the eastern shore.

Our young Queen City hath a vestal vow,
And wears its jewels on her beauteous brow—
Each spire up-pointing through the silent even
Declares unvoiced, "There is a God in heaven!"
On worth and genius she is fond to smile—
The terror of her frown confounds the vile;
A charm in all her elements to win
The man of weakness from the ways of sin.
—The "Father of Waters" holds his devious way
Not all unconscious of her queenly sway:
Across his path her mighty scepter hangs—
He bows obeisance with resistive pangs,
Turns up to fate a wild and troubled eye,
Bows more abject, and squatly hurries by.
The night-winds dally o'er her vivid scene,
Serene and silent as the silvan green;
Her head upon the prairie pillows sweet,

With life's vexed river rippling at her feet;
The star of peace its hallowed vigil keeps
O'er all her cares and interests as she sleeps;
The chambered elegance of soft repose
A visual charm o'er every feature throws;
The bosomed fullness of her bluff bold breast
Bespeaks the healthful vigor of her rest.
—Gaze on the scene, thought linking unto link!
Survey with wonder, and surveying think
How many a city-full ne'er saw a sight
Sublime of beauty as we see to-night!
—Sleep sweetly, city of imperial grace,
And rise with a smile on your morning face.

The youth and childhood of the rising West—
Our "Young America," our eagle's nest—
Their unfledged challenges of hope fling back
Through all the narrows of the westering track!
In Song, in Science, and in crafty Art,
We claim our peerage of the Attic mart.

No fitter service than the airs that float
Where little children voice their sweetness out,
To seal the prestige of our future fame—
"City of Song," in sequence and in name;
Or yet, when major voices strongly blend
Their measured cadence to a happy end,
There's inspiration in the gift of song
To cheer mankind, and make his virtues strong.

Our fair Mount Ida, of the nymphean charm,
Hath storied virtue in her classic arm—
The sway of beauty, in its virgin bloom
Absorbing light as learning doth illume,
Each quickening ray successive tints to blend,
Diviner eloquence than earth can lend.

—Or yet, in sturdy symmetry its own
Of academial dignity full grown,
That sterner beacon of sciential pride,
Where lights and shadows of the mind divide,—
With fair endowment of its magian halls,
A morning star o'er western empire's walls—
With fair proportions, and with proud facade,
That look down gravely on the native shade—
Th' encyclopædian grandeur of its plan
A castled arsenal to the march of man,—
Hath sense of greatness in its full design,
Inspirited with all of human that is divine.

Halls of learning, halls of cultured taste,
Preface our progress and proclaim us chaste;
We rear proud walls of elegance and skill,
Instinct with grace their missions to fulfill,—
Proud walls that oft-times eloquently ring
With virtuous sense of every noble thing—
Those high enjoyments, patent to our kind,
At once to nourish body, soul, and mind—
Those quickening pastimes of our little span
That pluck down heaven's immortal fruit for man.

The man of science shall somewhat declare
The wonders of the earth, the sea, the air;
The man of letters with fine speech unfold
The wealth of genius o'er the worth of gold;
The man of music dext'rously display
His art divine to steal the soul away.

—There is no beauty, and there is no worth,
To which our city hath not given birth!
And honor be to all whose genius here
Shall lend a lustre to each circling year.

Our Bridge still stands, a monument sublime
That art keeps pace with the advancing time;

The shrill loud language of the iron steed
Still speaks of travel, and majestic speed;
Our architects have daringly unfurl'd
Their ready challenge to the western world:
True to Freedom, and her golden rules,
We read our future in our public schools;
True to the master Art, we read no less
Our present greatness in our daily Press;
And far the day that bosoms in an hour
The last fate-stamp of our advancing power.

January 1, 1858.

PIONEER SONG.

[Dedicated to the "Old Settlers' Association," of Scott County, Iowa.]

When Freedom was youthful, and flushed with romance,
She turned to the far setting sun a sweet glance,
And smitten Zeyhyrus smiled back his behest—
The presage of empire stars in the West!
A land of great rivers, of forest and glade,
With millions of acres for culture and trade;
A land to be conquered, a land to be tilled,
A land with a nation of braves to be filled.

CHORUS.—O have ye not heard of the land of the West!
The hope of the nations, the glorious West—
So dear to the heart of the old Pioneer!—
O join the proud chorus, ye sons of the West!

The wild Western fever burned hot in our veins,
And charmed emigration of perils and pains;—
Farewell to the scenes of our earlier years,
To old people's warnings, and young people's tears—

To fields all familiar, with meadows so green,
And brooks that meander in beauty between;
"Farewell" to the home of attachments most dear—
Stern watchword of life in our westering year!

CHORUS.—O have ye not heard, &c.

The homestead and garden, the orchard and barn,
The farm-yard and cattle, the ducks in the tarn,—
The cool spring and milk-house, beneath the old tree
That casts its kind shade on industrial glee,
Where loom-house and spinstry a woollen weft furls,
As true to its purpose as true Yankee girls,—
All green with the gladness of many a year,
Though dear to the spirit, claimed scarcely a tear.

CHORUS.—O have ye not heard, &c.

"Away to the wilderness westward and far,
Where empire points to its presaging star,"
Was sung by the spirits of men brave to be,
Who dared to encounter the fate of the free!
—From early loves parted, and visions of joy
That told of the man, in the very small boy,
The Pioneer pilgrim sets out on his way,
To wage sturdy warfare with fates of the day!

CHORUS.—O have ye not heard, &c.

The storm-spirit musters his black rolling clouds,
Till darkness all visible Nature enshrouds!
The lightnings flash fiercely, the big thunders roll,
The rain pours in torrents that mock at control!
The camp-fire flickers, and yields its frail light,
And prowling wolves signal the watches of night!
—So planted with perils the emigrant's track—
Yet never a motion to turn and go back.

CHORUS.—O have ye not heard, &c.

His pathway of destiny, rough and untrod,
Inspires bold trust in the emigrant's God;
And though every moment with death-chance is armed,
He marches straight onward, unheeding, unharmed,
Till watch-weary eyes glow in prospect of rest—
The home-spot is reached in the wilderness West!
A cabin soon shelters dear children and wife,
And round ring the echoes of pioneer life!

CHORUS.—O have ye not heard, &c.

The axe and the rifle made way for the plow,
And wilderness blooms with rich husbandry now;
From fruit of the orchard and fruit of the vine
We'll drink our own cider, and sip our own wine!
A health and a cheer, then, to our blooming West,
Fair daughter of Freedom, the latest and best—
That yields to our children, with each passing year,
The blessings secured by the bold Pioneer!

CHORUS.—O have ye not heard, &c.

BLACK HAWK'S CURSE.

GREAT SPIRIT! thou, the hunted Red Man's God!
Once more give ear to my too heavy woes;
Compassionate gray hairs that court the sod
Like hemlocks bending under piling snows;—
Great Spirit, is it thus my race must close—
Bowed in body, and sorrowful in soul!
List, then, whence all my growing griefs arose,
And mark the thorns, as I unwind the scroll,
That shows a pale-face oft as 'ts volume counts a roll.

Behold yon city's vaunting, stiff-necked spires,
Which speak the white man's boasted House of God!

What mockery of trees, that felt devotion's fires
Where Indians worshipped, nor disdained to nod
When thou thy worthy forest temples trod!—
Yon Judgment Hall, that rears its legal pride,
Smells to thy throne of calumny and fraud—
And fouls the spot where sober Sachems vied
Around their Council fires to feel thy Truth preside.

There rest the bones of my sires and my tribe—
My warriors, chiefs, squaws, papoosees—all;
—Unconquered, and unbought with price or bribe,
The pale-face holds our hunting grounds; and call
Thy children of the sunset, whom they would pall,
A savage horde, because our bows and darts,
Knives, tomahawks, and war-clubs, did not fall
A coward prey to their more hellish arts!—
Unconquered, tho' laid low, my soul for vengeance smarts.

Great Spirit, mark the vengeance I implore!—
For every inch of wild-land so ill-got,
May white men, weltering in their rankling gore,
'Mid all the horrors of hereafter, rot!
And for each dread charge of their murderous shot
May poisoned arrows goad them numberless!—
Thou God of Vengeance, let thy children not
Go unavenged in this last dire distress,
But feast their mighty shades, that pant for large redress.

The white man stole into our native wilds
By meaner stratagems than hell can boast,
And now, with artful infamy, defiles
Our solitudes, from this to either coast;
With fire and sword he wrought us to a ghost,
Then drenched that sprite with more infernal fire,
Till now 't consumes at sorrow's utmost post—
And here I feel, while red with vengeful ire,
Myself, the last live ember of a nation's pyre.

THE GENIUS OF MY MUSE.*

These latter-days have sprung and tuned a lyre
That boasts no idle aim: a Muse on fire
With thirst prodigious for some theme that harp
Ne'er strung to; some maze unthreaded; some flight
As yet undared; some purpose high as heaven,
With noble-moulded loftiness of thought.

'Twere all in keeping with my daring flame,
To climb a streak of sunlight soft, and peer
Into the grand arcana, all unsung,
Of Sol's unchronicled and kingly court;
Thence, from that fierce resplendency of sheen
My spirit fain would win companionship
With a comet's train, blaze-liveried, and mate
The Fire-Angel on his errant bout,
Planet-paved, trimming the beal-fires of heaven;
Or, 'twould perambulate creation's far
And outmost balustrade, from whence to sound
The dizzy depth of fathomlessness down—
Gaze out on vast diverging limitlessness,
And lift a glance to some great favored goal
High in the eternal reach of altitude,
That might return with some essential sense
Of heaven's locality, and proud employ;
Thence scale and range and bound infinity,
And learn to feel what eternity is.

I'd woo and win the queenly confidence
Of night's staid mistress—use her trust to sound,
With eager cunning, the sweet, pensive-pale,

*Written in February, 1853, at Cleveland, O. It was the preface to a volume entitled, "Immanuel's Mission," a series of fourteen poems on principal incidents in the history of Christ, which volume has not been published.

Full melancholy seeming of her gaze,—
Then, traitorous, betrump her love-lorn tale,
And give to fame her all-absorbing thought.

I would gather soft threads of innocence
From cherub infancy, and weave a web
On which to limn the perfect loyalty
Of all God's creatures save most favored Man,
And shame the world of its shameless infamy;
I'd sing of birds, so nearly angel, and
Of beasts, and creeping things, that equal share
Earth, air and light with man; of fishes pert,
And all the slimy race that people thick
The many-natured waters: and speak forth
How they, to God still true, share in the woes
Of man's dire impiousness.

In thought, again,
I'd dare descend a score of yawning craters,
And with line and plummet, and balance just,
Measure and weigh the pangs, convulsions, throes,
That sin bred deep in the nucleus of earth,
Till, sore festered, her bowels heaved dread,
And belched vast floods of fever-pus far out
Many a mouth ignivorous—all but to tell
How sin stung her to the core, and rankled there
Distressful, without a balm.

If my Muse may not plan any new mirror,
With new songful beauties sweetly to glass
Their pretty selves therein, at least it may
Clothe nice in some new-fashioned garb of thought
Some old time tinsel'd fosterlings of song.—
So, if it may not father a new prism,
With new gleams of fanciful Truth therein
To frolic instinctively, it *may* sort

Some life-worthy tints from the piled rubbish
Of the lyric ruins of the past, which
May fitly aid to fill, enlarge, adorn,
Modern poesy's universal web,
Almost, of Sacred Truth. And if 't may not
Call into being some new mental lens,
Skillfully hyperbolous, it may set
In novel range some old, and quench false blaze,
Or strike new fires, erenow unknown to fame.—
Or yet, if it may not fondle a harp
Fresh from the grand string band of Paradise,
It still hath such proud instrument of song
Perchance that fled a rebel angel's hand
When heaven mustered mutinous, just betime,
In pursuivance fate-driven, to reach and crown
My lofty Muse's lowly birth-day scene.

Suffice it, a strung harp is mine, that aims
To strike the reveille and sound the roll
For Heaven's volunteer-trooped emigrants,
And swell that army's march and victory peals
Until its last string shatters on the field!
And O, then may its expiring cadence be
A heaven of symphony triumphant,
That shall ring and resound o'er earth afar,
And roll and re-echo for many an age,
To cheer God's people.

Hail, then, immortal flame
That fired of old a Milton's godlike lyre!
Re-kindle on the altar of a modern Muse.
—Entrancing genius that touched a Byron's harp
With rapturous song, instinctively sublime—
Lend inspiration to a latter-day lyre.
—Heavenly tenor, that ranged through and spiced
A Tupper's skillful lays, befriend me, and direct

The order and the object of my verse.
—Prolific Nine, that have full oft begot
Offspring that have sung to a raptured world,
Fondle now the bantling that craves your grace.
—Mantle of the Muses, great antique robe,
So studded with harp gems, inlaid, and fringed
With lyric wreaths and frills most exquisite,
Shield my presumptuous instrument from the drag
Of earth, and the chill of cold philosophy.

These mighty limners of majestic thought
All truly mine, what can I more invoke
For grandest inspiration? Ah, *all is yet!*
DIVINITY, increase, eternal past
And everlasting future attribute of God,
Than highest height of loftiest sublimity
Supremely grander as God is more than man,
Without blest measure of thy tribute pure,
What like were my vague fancy's proudest flight!
Vastly vainer than the puny humbird's flirt
In mockery of the eagle's sunward wheeling maze.

E T E R N I T Y . *

Eternity! the sinner's terror!
The joy and comfort of the righteous!
Eternity! Overwhelming thought!
Vast, incomprehensible, unfathomable depth
Of eternal futurity, what presage givest thou
Of thine infinity? Man—vain, proud Man,
Presumeth not t' assume the computation

*Written in October, 1851, at New-Lisbon, Ohio, and delivered as a school exercise, in contempt of a sarcasm of the author's school-fellows, that he had "swallowed the Dictionary."

Of thine almighty boundlessness !
By what significant foreshadowing sign
Know we that thou 'rt invulnerable ?

The proudest architraves of Man's colossal projects
Crumble and decay in Time's corrosive breath ;—
Time shall contemplate the annihilation
Of Nature's mightiest bulwarks !
—The countless myriads of glittering orbs
That nightly stud the ethereal arch—
Sol, the superb king of day, who revels
In volumed glory of supercelestial magnificence,—
And Luna, the matchless queen of night,
That leads the starry hosts in gleaming phalanx
To battle the monster Darkness—
All, all, in oblivion's direst, darkest deep,
Must find a common biding place, a level,
Ere thou hast half begun to wend
Thine everlasting course !

Exhausting all Creation's plastic stores,
Upon Man again our query falls !
Effeminate Man ! frail and fragile stem of clay !
Creature of sorrows !—of life, a weary weight of woes—
Fit semblance of imbecile, puny insignificance !
—What ! Though time and matter witness his decay,
His spirit shall outride the rudest waves
Of centennial ages yet unborn to thought,
In existence running parallel with God himself—
Even with unutterable, incomprehensible Eternity !
The mandate of Omnipotence—
Jehovah's almighty fiat, hath spoken it
Of man, for rapture or remorse ! Hear,
Quake, and tremble, vain votary of Time !
Imagination may career and soar away
With very seeming superhuman might,

And concentrate its grandest conceptions
Of superlative sublimity, of infinitude,
And vast interminableness of space,—
But, weary and faint, it recoils to earth,
Glad to find a resting-place from round
Of irremunerable toil—
Content, and satisfied that vanity's completion
Is its essayed comprehension of such immensity,
Such immeasurableness of far extent
As big Eternity shall vast unroll!—
Such countlessness of unconditioned ages,
Such incommensurableness of duration
As God's Eternity shall eventuate!

O, who can conceive!—
What huge, gigantic gifted mind can grasp
The infinite grandeur! the indescribable!
Yea, very vastly inconceivable,
And overwhelmingly magnificent development
Of the unseen, unheard, dread mystical realities
To which Death must introduce us!

ETERNITY!

The grand consummation of boundless, ceaseless,
Fathomless, measureless interminableness!
The effusive Deity's illimitable sphere!—
The habitation and the lifetime of a God!

NEW-YEAR NOTES.

DAVENPORT, January 1, 1858.

The morning of another year has dawned !
Its bow of promise lightly spans
Th' impending heaven of the future, o'erawned
Sublime by fair Aurora's plans
Of roseate joy for each in-coming season—
Aurora's rosy self the rapture and the reason.

Once more the mighty dial-wheel of Time
To midnight points its cycle spoke,
And tolls the exile solemnly sublime,
The new half-century's seventh stroke !
A charm of awe invests the instant hour [power.
The wheels of Time impinge their spring of new-wound

A nation we, of proud and patriot fame,
Imprimis of our swaddling years ;
And later annals speak us nothing tame
In aught that nobleness inheres—
Invention, art, trade, poetry and science,
Statesmanship, philosophy, music, self-reliance.

All countries, and their people, we embrace—
All races, and their mother tongues ;
Our National Sabbath draws to common grace
Alien alike with native throngs,
And democratic flow of free communion
Proudly seals anew the nuptials of our Union.

* * * * *

Staunch men, of purpose great and large emprise,
Have built the empire of the West—
And looming on its future day we rise

At once to bless and to be blest;
A very Trojan grace of song and story
Awaits us in the germed Iliad of Western glory.

A year's industry, with its toils and pains,
And progress in the building art,
Rivals the temples, palaces and fanes
Of classic yore, in pile and part—
Italian, Grecian, Dorian, Ionic,
Corinthian and Gothic, compound, plain, Platonic.

A score of temples to the living God
Draw pilgrims in the way of life;
A score of schools on bases free and broad,
With intellection speak us rife;
Maps of the Way of Life are freely given,
And learning paves delightfully the road to Heaven.

* * * * *

THE LIGHTNING TRAIN.

Engineer—

“Old Boanerges, put your thunder on,
And yoke ten furies to your heels—
For prodigies of flight that shall abash the sun
I'll this day wring out from your wheels,
And show the world that it has scarce begun
To learn what lightning wings you can put on.”

With mighty snort the dragon loud responds,
And shakes his heavy volumed mane aloft—
Impatient fretting all his massive frame,
In huge disport of sinews iron-bound,
And inward energies Herculean !

He moves with giant pomp, in huge display
Of godlike power trained to godlike use,
Quadruple wings, forge-plated round, and ribbed
For godlike reaches of revolvent flight.

Engineer—

“Leviathan, wheel-footed, fire-fed,
And thunder-voiced! full mailed with might
To shake the Andes in their molten bed,
Till they should retch with very fright,
And vomit hell from their deep bowels up—
Now art thou maddened with a seething cup.”

The moments narrow to a breathless point,
And the foaming steed stands in mood sublime,
Defiant proud, and big with conscious nerve—
Glary eyeing the wedged far reach of track,
That soon must tremble 'neath his iron hoof!
His hairs all bristle with impatient heat,
And flashing eyes speak out the flame within,
As it were frenzyng stimulus—

Engineer—

“Away, my flying demon, rattle-tailed—
Gods! what leaps! All hell attends
This ‘devil’s drive,’ for game!—That mountain quailed—
Drive! leap! plunge! and howl!—lightning lends
Vitality that doth itself outstrip!
Conquest of flight—
Hold! oh! ho! oh—
O fatal bridge! far fathoms down.....

LINES TO A LITTLE POETESS.

Sweet child, were ever such jewels of grace
Enshrined in the years of a mortal before!
The angels of heaven look out through thy face,
And imaging peace, speak immortal lore.

A beautiful vision steals into my soul,
A vision more pure than the glory of pearls!
An angel mind peering into life's dark scroll—
An angel peering through the poetry of curls.

A sense of the heavenly, sense of the pure,
Evolves in my heart as it mellows to thee,
And beauty's ideal embodies secure
Its fitness of parts in the vision I see.

The lustre of loveliness beams on thy brow,
The magic of thoughtfulness kindles thine eye—
The palor of watchfulness lends thy face now
A seeming of dreaming of things of the sky.

So youthful in years, yet so ripened in thought,
So pure in devotion, so ardent in love,—
In song so divine, in sin so untaught—
Thy years are but jewelry loaned from above.

In poesy's garden thy fancy hath strayed,
While Christian love's raptures inspired thy heart;
And angels attended in sunshine and shade,
To shield thy young spirit from enmity's dart.

The fullness of favor, the largess of love,
Their bounteous charms in thy person combine,—
In brightness a star, as in meekness a dove—
In life more than half kin to beings divine.

NATALITIUS.*

The wise, the worthy, and the gay,
With one accord commend the day
That gave the world a joy, and we
The faithful friend we find in thee.

March was too fierce, and May too mild,
July too soft, and Winter wild,
Thy fated impress to acclime—
But proud October, month sublime,
With all its garnered wealth elate,
Impregned an hour to stamp thy fate.

—The Spring gives flowers, the Autumn fruit
Of seemly substance and repute—
And this the secret of your birth,
A woman wanted for her worth.

The virtues and the graces blend
Where little children choose a friend,
And never child beheld thy face
But sought the sunshine of its grace.
The merry laugh, and spirits rife
With bounding buoyancy of life;
The light, elastic step of youth,
Of health, and happiness, and truth;
The beaming face, and kindling eyes
That take young fervor by surprise;
The flushing cheek, and glowing lips
Where love his cup of rapture sips;
No mincing smiles, no prudish art—
But gushing goodness of the heart:
These swell the volume of the hour
That fixed the fashion of thy dower.

*Addressed to a lady friend, on her 21st birthday, October 22d, 1857.

The sweet wild flowers for many a mile
Behold your natal day, and smile;
The very birds from out their trees
A greeting send on every breeze;
The trees from out their autumn blast
Would make obeisance if you pass'd;
The dallying shrubs with rustling sway
Would bid your truant footsteps stay;
The little rills with merry move
Would steal your likeness and your love.

The country claims, the city holds
Your fondled presence in its folds;
But oftentimes as yours the means,
'Tis yours to gladden rural scenes—
Forgetting all your parlor pomp,
To play the rustic and the romp,
Where spirits gushing glad and free
Rebound and ring from tree to tree,
And bursts of song and laughter wild
Proclaim thee truly Nature's child.

Or yet through Night, its vail inlaid
With worlds, your seeking soul hath stray'd!
In love with Nature, gazing forth
Upon the wonders of her worth,
And asking inly of the stars,
What marvels more the blue debars!
What leagues beyond their little sphere
Involves Jehovah's rolling year!
The very Throne of Glory where!
How grand, how wondrous, and how fair!

So warm a heart, so kind and free,
The odds of friendship favor thee;
'Tis not in fancy to define
A mystery more than half divine,

But in the heart to feel the glow
 Of love we may no further know;
 'Tis not in science to discern
 The secret of the love we learn,
 But 'tis in friendship to approve
 The certain semblance of our love.

THE ROSE BUD.

[Lines written in a little girl's Album, under a painted rose-bud.]

The little rose-bud on its stem
 Is fit for Flora's diadem,
 And as its leaves their life unfold,
 They charm me more than burnished gold;
 The soft delight their fragrance flings
 Is foretaste here of heavenly things,—
 And so are you, my little pet,
 A bud of promise more than it.

The rose, with all its beauty fresh,
 As tender as your little flesh,
 And blushing daintily the while
 As sweetly as your morning smile,
 Hath yet a stem of thorny spurs
 To scratch your hand if chance occurs,—
 But you, my little girl, was born
 To be a rose without a thorn.

FRIENDSHIP.

My warmest love may burn all unrequited,
 And I still live, to hope and peace united;
 But when my torch of friendship no more wins
 A kindred keeping flame, then death begins;
 O let me die, when I no more shall be
 A friend befriended of the good and thee.

“M A R Y.”

The angels of heaven are all named “Mary,”
And mystery divine inspirits the word,
Till poets have built on it each a Mount Airy,
And sung their sweet souls out in hope long deferr’d.

A grandeur of joy through a vision of glory
Diffuses its iuense sublime o'er my lyre,
And teaches its strings all a beautiful story
Of “Mary,” my love! O my heart's dear desire.

She came in the springtime, with birds and the flowers,
And music of heaven attended her birth;
Bright angels divided the guarding of hours
That she should adorn the all-beautiful earth.

The impress of beauty, of calmness, and heaven,
Through soft deep serenity beams from her eye;
The signet of innocence, gracefully given,
Enthrones on her brow all its mild majesty.

Her queenly and womanly pride of demeanor
Outvies the archangel's augustness serene,
As lilies imperial tower serener
Than roses that needs must wear armor and sheen.

No passion but love and no art but affection
Hath ever enkindled her warm, genial heart—
And thus hath she won me, by gentlest attraction,
To join with her love-links no years may dispart.

O the angels of heaven are all named “Mary,”
And mystery divine inspirits the word,
Till poets have built on it each a Mount Airy,
And sung their sweet souls out in hope long deferr'd.

"HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL."

NATURE in all her varied scenes
Of visual beauty or vivid stir,
Holds dear relationships, in means
Of marriage kind with kind, that honor her.

The soft mild dews and airs of June
With genial freshness bless the world
Of flowers and trees and wildwood tune,
And all the fair green earth is sparkle-pearled.

The summer breezes come and go,
Akissing through and through the bowers—
Each fresh love-laden, soft to throw
Its sweet incense upon the sultry hours.

The dark wild storm that beats the hills,
And bends the forest in its path,
Hath yet a mission in its thrills
Of only favor, nothing touched of wrath.

Such bold and fitful furious rush
Of whisking winds, somewhat restore
The wonted calm and healthful hush
Of air that moaned with fever-heat before.

The thunder peals its dreadful note
Along the lightning's fiery track,
With wrathful seeming as the throat
Of War, infuriate o'er a fierce attack.

Howbeit, the very life we live
Hangs on the lightning's subtle force

Its vivifying power to give
Our atmosphere, in such sublime discourse.

The summer sun, intense of rays
That seem to shrivel, crisp and scorch
All tender sense that meets their blaze,
Hath kindly meaning in its fervid torch.

The bogs, and fens, and stagnant pools
Where death and poisonous vapors brew,
And lizards, toads, and snakes in schools
Their slimy races litter and renew—

E'en these so foul and loathsome pests
Kind Nature holds in purpose strong,
And in their bane some virtue rests,
To searching science better known than song.

The fierce north winds come howling down
Like hungry wolves about your door—
And yet in country and in town
The wintry blast hath life-force in its roar.

The snow that dazzles dim your eyes,
And stings your half-protected feet,
Hath vestal virtue from the skies—
Uses that earth and air do kindly greet.

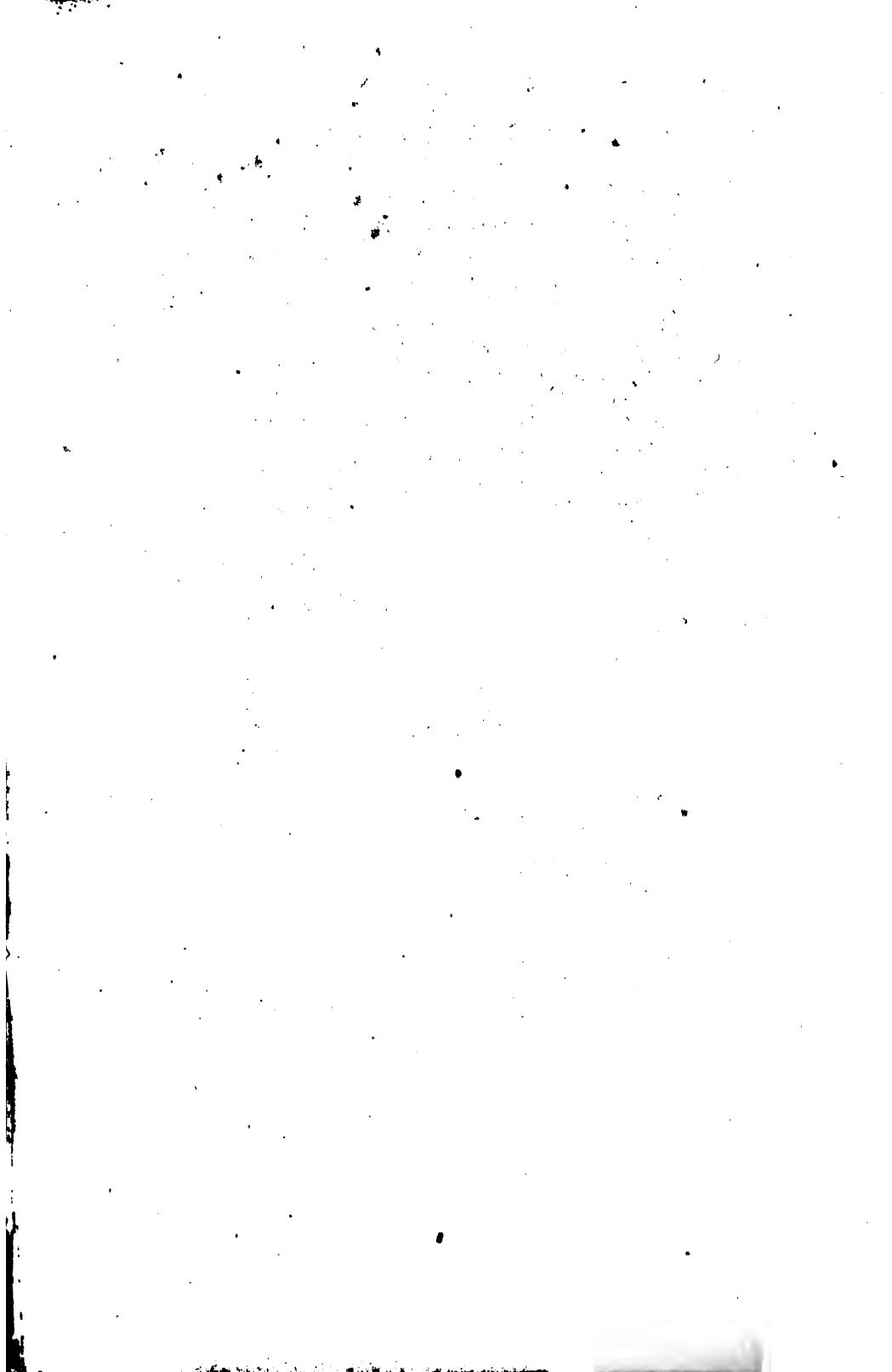
The withering frost, that seals in ice
Each field and forest, stream and lake,
The world's green growth by such device
Preserves till its fit hour to re-awake.

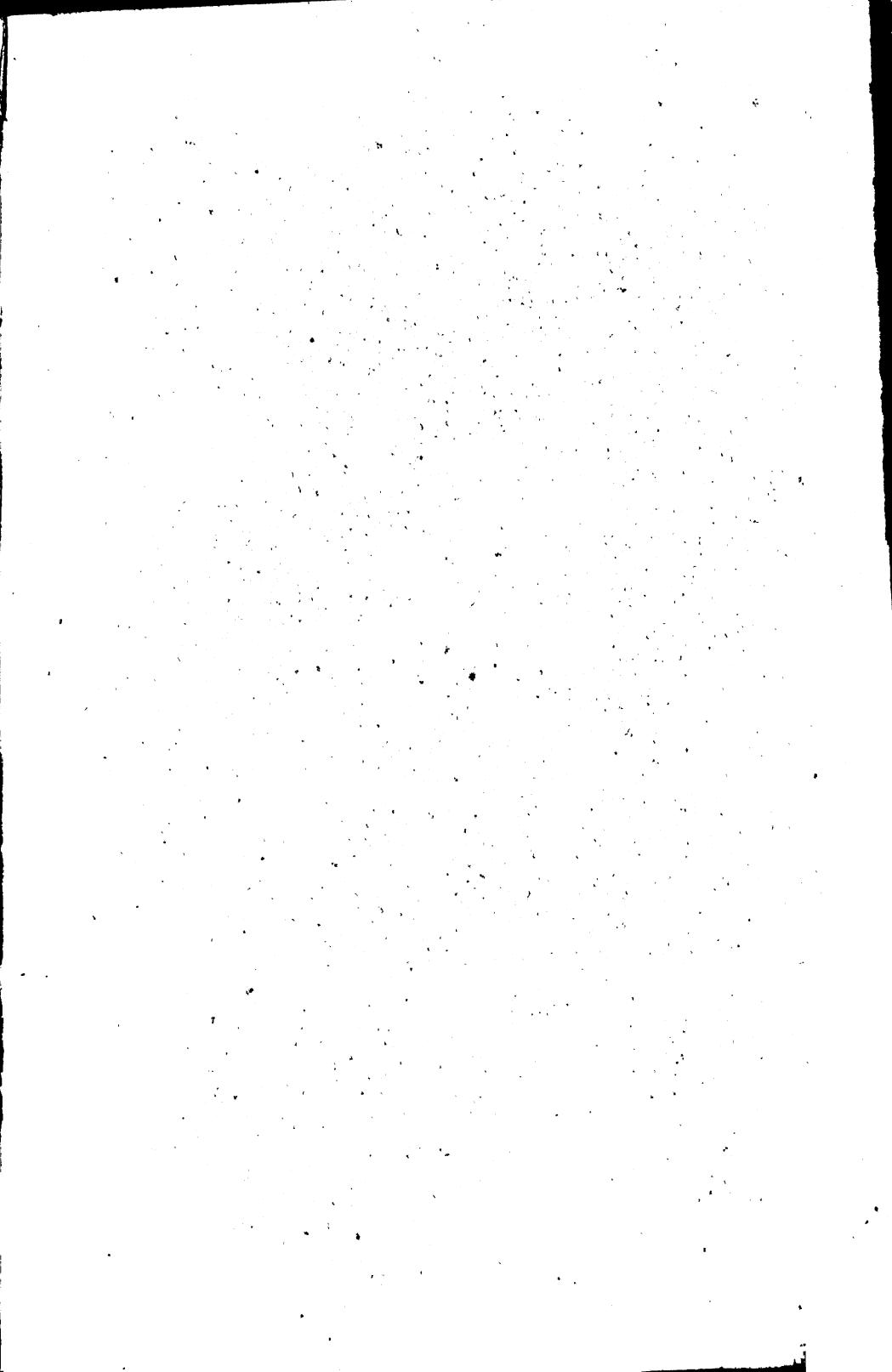
The universe of elements,
Of fire and water, gases, air,
With all their multiform intents
Of alchemistic variance strange and rare—
In Nature's laboratory grand

Their subtlest blending forces work
The constant balance and command
Of life's conditions, wherein death may lurk.

Like elements attract to like
By innate captive sense of kind,
Or opposites may somehow strike
A medial and remedial union, blind.

Thus God's fixed laws their constant course
Of ordained fitness still pursue,
And man is taught this truth perforce—
That ALL IS WELL, HOWEVER ILL TO VIEW.







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This Book is Due

